

WHOLE NUMBER 690.

met George on every side; he repl

This time Kate joined her entreaties with a threat to sue him for libel, but he said that he had no purpose, and that he would not do anything to hurt her. "I am not drinking any more," he said, "and I am not wearing any more glasses," he cried, "that will take care of me. I will be home all right, we have friends who will be on the cars and I do not want to appear sad. Dispende with your fears, cousin Elie, 'Only one glass more.' He filled it to the brim, then said, 'I am not drinking any more.' He said it round that we might see some sparkling contents, then quaffed with satisfaction in his countenance. In our turn we drank and said, 'Lifted my heart to God in silent prayer, that he would save my dear friend from the degradation and dishonor of the drunkard's lot. Little did I think it would be so speedily answered.' The cars were just on the point of starting when we reached them. Sprung up the steps, Kate followed me, and I saw her head and shoulders as she went. Her head was slightly bowed, but her eyes were bright and her face was pale.

fects of the last glass. He stumbled and fell, and the train rolled over his on his proud form. I will not attempt to picture the wild grief of poor Katarina. For two hours she was nearly frantic, and then reason left her throne, and she lay on the ground, dead. With such hearts we laid them side by side in the village cemetery, and when I returned to Riga—Seminary the scene did not meet me with blanched faces and tearful eyes. A deep gloom seemed to brood over all. The papers chattered about the shocking event under the head of "Killed by Accident." Read the epitaphs on the graves. They expressed it better? This is no fancy sketch, but drawn from real life; and are there not hundreds, yes, thousands, that if their epitaphs were truthfully written would be, "Killed by One Glass more?"

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...ye who deal in the liquid poison

send four barrels of the vile stuff to almost every part of the land, this is the way that you are going to pay for your crime is any less than the sight of God than his who for ten cents a glass deals out the damned deadly draught to the dirty, filthy drunkard? Is not your influence society far worse? While you would scorn those found in such places, you do not stop to think that they are but branch offices of the great traffic of which *you* are the head. In that big, great day thousands like my noble, talented cousin shall stand against you. What then will

Hobbies.

It is a rare man who can ride a hobby and not let it run away with him.

him. How easy it is to attribute the evil in the world to secret societies, to lack of suffrage, to the use of tobacco, to eating meats, to sect wars, etc., etc. In his own characteristic style Rev. De Witt Talmadge says:

Too much hobby-riding belittles the mind, distorts the truth and exerts influence. All our faculties were made for use. He who goes thorough life using one faculty, hops on one leg instead of taking the strong, healthy walk. He, who, finding within him powers of satire, gives himself up

that, and go as well into a wood
and go stinging the bare feet of chil-
ren. He who is neglectful of all
his imaginative faculty, becomes a
thick-fitting idiot about till the f
"black-frost" of criticism kills it.
who devotes himself to funmaking,
find the better parts of his soul de-
ing, and his temporary attractiveness
will be found to be the phosphor-
ence of rotten wood. He who
ports himself in making bad dialectic
and mathematics, will get badly be-
ed by the horns of a dilemma, and
ter a while turn into trapezoids

When God has given us many utilities to use, why use only one of them? With white palfreys we can ride, why go tilting a hobby? We see the whole of everything. That is no sin in all the earth but slavery or interpenetration, or municipal distemperance. All the sicknesses would be healed if they would take our muzzles off. If Ulysses gets into the W. M. House we shall have the millennium. The nations are safe as soon as we can bring to an end the expectorator of tobacco juice. All that we can do

of anything is between the leaves
pricked up ears of our hobby. "Ye
frantic urging on of our pet nobby
will come to naught. Our prancing
charger will sink down with lather
flanks and we be passed on the
by some Scotch Presbyterian, astride
a plain draft horse that has been
tiring in the field next to the horse
jogging along at an easy pace, keep-
ing it has been elected that he will
reach the kingdom.

Brethren! let us take a pal-mo-
and cool off! let your hobby rest,
it will not otherwise stop, tie it if

few days to the white-washed streets of modern conservatism. Do not worry things too much. If this war should be saved next week, it would spoil some of our professions. Do not let us do up things too quickly. This world is too big a ship for us to guide. I know by the way she sways.

SOUND DOCTRINE ON THE SUBJECT OF DIVORCE.—An application was recently made before Judge George G. Brainard for a limited divorce from the bonds of matrimony. After hearing the evidence in the case, of the little bickerings—foolish enough in themselves—which had taken place between the husband and wife, Judge Brainard delivered the following judgment:

every magistrate ought to look at the union formed by marriage, and considering how sacred and solemn the union should be held, I am exceedingly unwilling at any time to grant a divorce or a separation unless the evidence will fully warrant and sustain me in so doing. The temporary difficulties and spats arising between man and wife in the course of a life time should be forgotten instead of

being widened, and should be healed instead of being strengthened by outside influences. In this case, I do not find sufficient testimony to justify me in granting a separation. The letters of the wife show that she is a affectionate, good-hearted lady, and don't see that the defendant, except in being guilty of two or three outbursts of temper and probably indiscretions which, on reflection, will be forgotten, has done anything to prevent the parties from coming together as God intended they should. This

AFTER DINNER NAPS.—Many persons are in the habit of sleeping for half an hour or an hour immediately after dinner. This is a bad practice. Ten minutes' sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in a sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to health.

rest digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day take a nap before dinner instead of after, and they will feel better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.

—*Herald of Health.*

VERY COOL.—A gentleman on visit to Washington, one day very coolly opened the Senate Chamber and was about to pass in when the doorkeeper asked, 'Are you a privileged member?'

The reply was 'A governor, or member of Congress, or a foreign minister.'

The stranger replied that he was a minister.

'From what court or country?' asked the official.

Very gravely pointing up, the stranger replied, 'From Heaven, Sir.'

To this the doorkeeper waggishly replied. 'This government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign

Jinks tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a yankee. The gentleman to humor the fellow, replied to all the questions straightforwardly until the inquisitor was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired: "Look here Squire—where was you born?" "I was born," said the victim, "in

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

"Yeas; wall, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or brick house, dew ye?"

A very busy old maid who always knew every body else's business better than her own, although she by no means neglected that, at length found time to die. Just previous to her decease she articulated to her sister, who was standing at the window, "Run! run!"—here a knock was heard; the maiden lady was familiar with every sound in the neighborhood—"a fellow who's at No. 30." "A woman selling pies," replied her sister. "Pies! pies!" gasped the expiring virgin, "what are they want with pies?"—that had pi

there yesterday." With this the man drew her last breath.

JOSH BILLINGS ON HENS.—The hen can't profit in keeping a hen for her eggs, if he lays less than 1 a day.

Hens are long lived, if they don't contract the throat disease; there are a great many gose to pot by this meanly disease.

I can tell exactly how to pick out a good hen, but as a general thing the long eared ones, I know, are the least

apt to scratch up the garden. Eggs packed in ekul parts of sa and lime water, with the other ekul down, will keep from 30 to 40 years if the are not disturbed.

Fresh breakfast is good for hens; suppose 4 or 5 pounds a day would do. A hen would need, at first along

A gentleman of Rochester, N. Y. saw an advertisement that a recipe for the cure of dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage stamp to the Editor of the *Illustrated*

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